

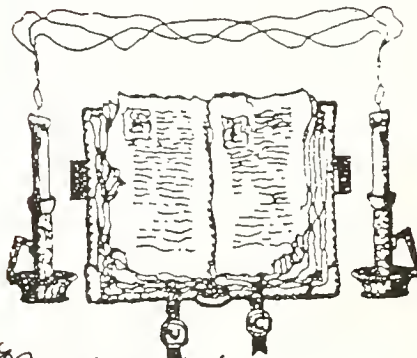
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The Stespean

VOLUME V

* * *

YEAR BOOK

1924

* * *

Edited and Published
by the
SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL CLASS
and
JUNIOR COLLEGE CLASS
of
UNION COLLEGE
Barbourville, Kentucky

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IN EXPLANATION

To those who do not know: The name Stespean was coined by the Academy Class of '21 who helped publish the second Union College year book. The name commemorates two of the greatest benefactors of Union College, Dr. Stevenson and Mrs. Speed. The first three letters of each name, with the suffix, 'an,' give us, "Stespean."

FOREWORD

In this volume we have endeavored to portray faithfully the best and most important phases of this school year. We have realized that in years to come, reminders of that happy period, our school days, will be priceless possessions. To this end, we have tried to picture the familiar scenes and faces, to chronicle the chief events, to preserve the spirit of the year 1923-'24, and to mix it all with the spice of wit and humor.

The compilation of this book has meant work, but on the whole, enjoyable work, and if Volume V of the Stespean can give pleasure now and in the days to come, our aim has been reached.



PROFESSOR GEORGE C. HEWES

DEDICATION

TO PROFESSOR HEWES

who has worked in our midst for four years, who has won our respect by his loyalty to his task, our admiration by his beautiful Christian character that shines out through every word and deed, and our love by the real interest he takes in us,

we dedicate

Volume V of the Stespean

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

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ORDER OF BOOKS

BOOK I THE FACULTY

BOOK II THE COLLEGE

BOOK III THE HIGH SCHOOL

BOOK IV ORGANIZATIONS

BOOK V ATHLETICS

BOOK VI POPULARITY

BOOK VII SALMAGUNDI

BUILDINGS



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING



GYMNASIUM

B U I L D I N G S



SPEED HALL



STEVENSON HALL

FAMILIAR PICNIC SCENES



"In spots like these it is we prize
Our Memory, feel that she has eyes."

Book I
The Faculty



FACULTY

F A C U L T Y



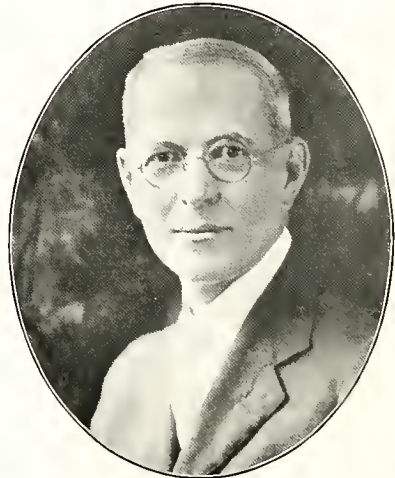
Ezra T. Franklin, A.B., B.Pd., A.M.
Indiana University
President 1915-'24



Abigail E. Weeks, A.B., A.M.
Columbia University
Head English Department 1917-'24
Dean of Women

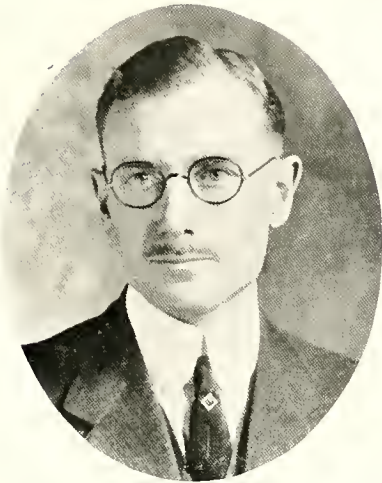


I. B. Peavy, B.E., M.E., M.Pd., M.S.
Taylor University
Head of Normal School 1920-'24



George C. Hewes, B.S., S.T.B.
DePanw University 1920
Head Science Department 1290-'24

F A C U L T Y



Fred E. Hayes, A.B., A.M.
University of Nebraska
History 1924



Esther May Carter, A.B., A.M.
Ohio Wesleyan
Academy English and Latin 1924



Bertha M. Ruef, A.B.
Vassar
French 1924

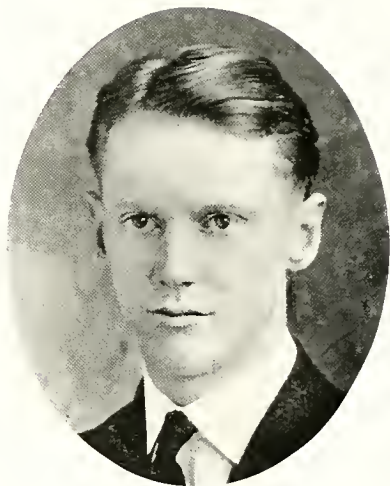


E. Cleveland Hollar, A.B., A.M.
University of Missouri
Education 1924

F A C U L T Y



Lois Frazee, A.B.
University of Illinois
Domestic Science 1924



T. M. Funk, A.B.
Georgetown College
Mathematics and Athletics
1924



Daniel M. Humfleet
Normal and Academy Science and
Mathematics 1915-'24



Mrs. Mae Suter Davis
Emerson College of Oratory
Expression and Public Speaking
1924

F A C U L T Y



Francis Anthony Nunvar
Berlin and Leipsic Conservatories
Director of Music Department
1922-'24



Mrs. Francis Anthony Nunvar
New York School Music and Arts
Voice Department 1922-'24



Mrs. Annie B. Hewes
Matron Speed Hall 1922-'24



Nannie L. Taylor
McNeil Business School
Typewriting and Secretary to the
President 1918-'24

F A C U L T Y



Gus Houser
Superintendent of Grounds

Mildred Fleming
Cincinnati Conservatory
Piano and Accompanist 1922-'24

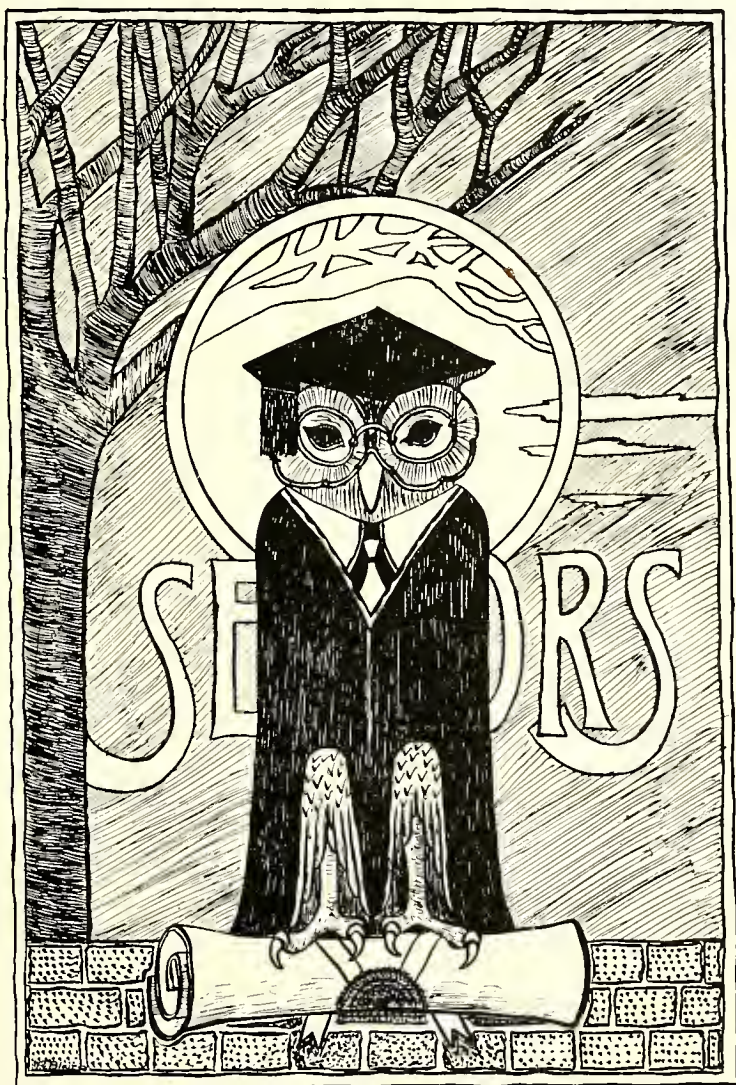
Cora Bales Sevier
Swimming

Mrs. Mae Wallace
Matron of Dining Hall

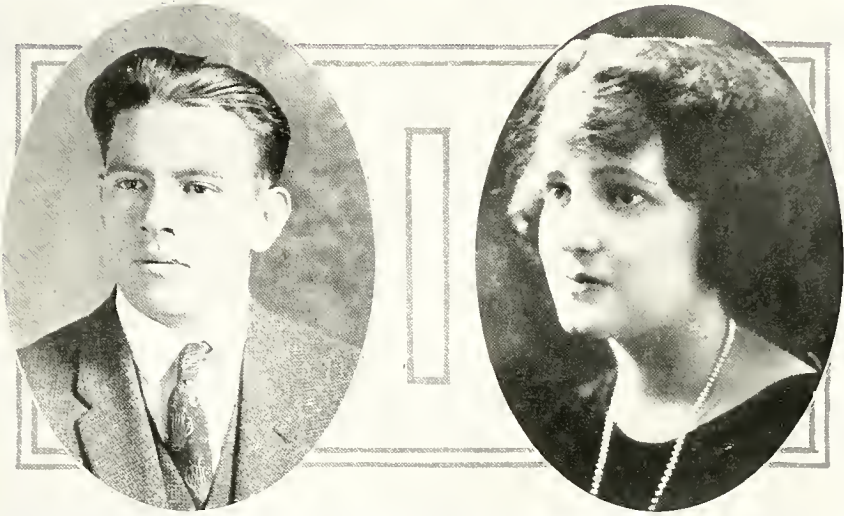
Drucilla Tye
Schuster-Martin
Expression, Winter and Spring
Term 1924

Book II
The College





S E N I O R S



Jackie Howard

Cardinal, Ky.

Science Major
 Kappa Mu '21-'24
 Basket Ball, Baseball, '20-'24
 Football '22-'24

Jakie is a truly distinguished U. C. man. He is president of the upperclassmen. He has played for four years on the varsity basket ball team and he has yet to meet his equal for speed. But Jakie has never let athletics interfere with his studies and he is finishing a four year course in three years. He is a good sport and it's no trouble at all to like him. In fact he has the most "Love"-able disposition we ever saw. He deserves his title, "most popular man in school."

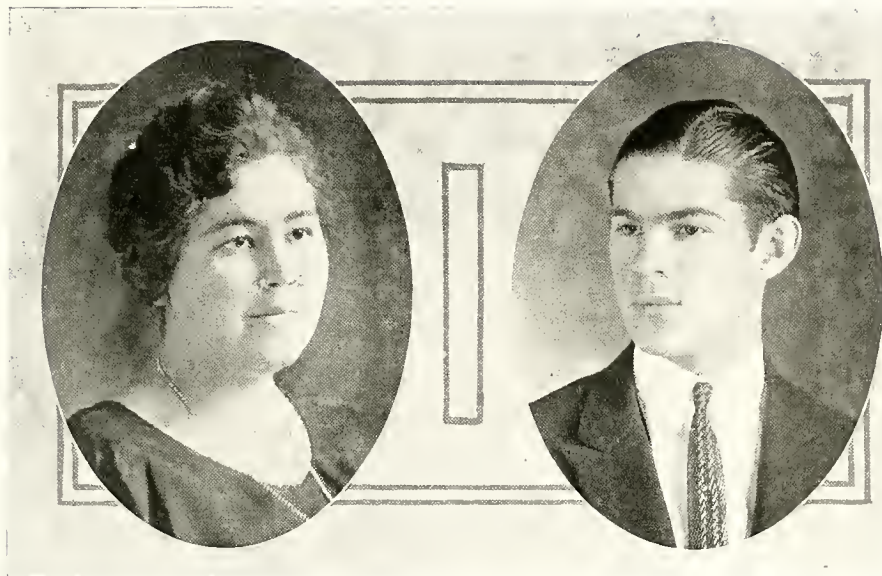
Dorothy Nunvar

Plattsburg, Mo.

English Major
 Orchestra '22-'24
 Glee Club '22-'24

Dorothy is our senior baby, and an unusually attractive girl. But she can be useful as well as ornamental. She is a talented musician and she and her violin have often graced our programs. She is an industrious student too. We are glad to have her graduate from Union College, but we shall miss her smile, her curls, and her music.

S E N I O R S



Jettie Stratton

Pikeville, Ky.

Science Major
C. G. S. '20-'24
Glee Club '21-'24

Jettie is a member of the Academy Class of '20 and is one of the College Senior Quartet. We have always found her a devoted Christian character, ambitious to have her life tell for right living. She excels in song and is certain to brighten many a corner with her musical gift. Her chief occupation lies in being president of the C. G. S., and in writing letters to a member of the Duck family.

Robert A. Blair

Corbin, Ky.

Science Major
Kappa Mu '21-'24
Basket Ball, Baseball '20-'24
Band '20-'24, Glee Club '20-'24

Bob has spent seven years at Union; he was president of the Academy Class of '21, and now finds his place among the College Class of '24. Bob is an outstanding painter, athlete, and Ford driver. If he should drive a taxi, his sign would certainly read: "From Stevenson Hall to Flat Lick; from Flat Lick to Stevenson Hall."

ADIEU

We have fought a good fight and our objective has been attained for the present as you can see by the place we hold. We do not mean that this is the final goal to be reached. Oh! no, just a foundation on which to build greater things as we battle for our place, in the future.

It is not easy for us to say good-bye to the class room, the many instructors, and the many things we hold dear. We can't remain students always but we must go forward and herald the ideas and ideals that have been thrusting themselves upon us in an effort to better prepare us to meet the obstacles that will face us in real life.

Our class would not rank high if it had to be judged by number. It is not quantity that counts but quality and you will have to wait and judge us by what we do in the years to come.

—Jakie Howard.

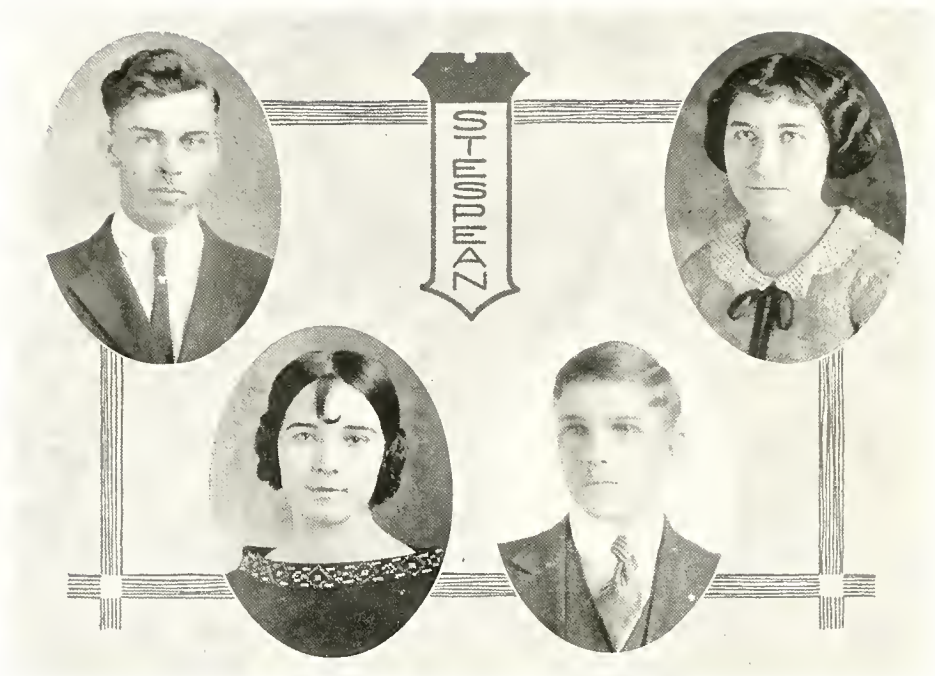
CONSCIENCE

When the last rays of light have shone forth from the west,
There's a grief or a joy that steals into the breast;
For the stillness of night aids the mind to reflect,
And there's something goes searching for faults to detect.

What a joy to the soul, tho our joys may be few,
If to tasks of the day and our friends we've proved true;
But the voices of grief will speak loud in the ear,
If we've failed with our best in things we hold dear.

We should count it a blessing if stirred in the night,
By our conscience that's seeking a wrong rendered right,
There's a guide to our lives that we must not neglect,
If the life of the Christ we would wish to reflect.

F. D. Edwards, College '25.



J U N I O R S

William Martin

"Bill"

Mayme Hensley

"Mayme"

Barbourville, Ky.

Manchester, Ky.

Business Manager of Stespean
'24, Kappa Mu '21—'24.

Humor Editor of Stespean '24,
C. G. S. '23, Secretary '24, Glee
Club '23—'24.



Violet Humfleet

"V"

Ancil Payne

"Ancil"

Barbourville, Ky.

London, Ky.

Editor Stespean '24, C. G. S.
Vice President '24, Glee Club
'22—'24.

U. C. Mail Carrier, Ass't Busi-
ness Mgr. Stespean '24, Kappa
Mu '21—'24.



J U N I O R S

Richard Ballinger
Barbourville, Ky.
Kappa Mu '21—'24.

"Dick"

Josh Faulkner
Barbourville, Ky.
Kappa Mu '21—'24, Baseball-
Basketball '22—'24, Orchestra,
Band '20—'24.

"Larney"



Francis Edwards
Riley, Ky.
Manager Book Store, Associate
Editor Stespean, Kappa Mu '21
—'24' Glee Club '21—'24.

"Francis"



Rebecca Sawyer
Barbourville, Ky.
Registrar, C. G. S. '24, Glee
Club '24.

"Becky"



SOPHOMORES

SOPHOMORES

HOW WE ARE CLASSED

Elmer Parker

The druggist, who revels in pills and potions.

Henry Payne

The teaser, always on the lookout for fun.

Harold Parker

Our visitor, who condescends to favor us with
his presence once in a while.

Grace Miller

The student, always ready when called upon.

Ruth Bowman

Our most diligent French student. Her motto is "Smile a
while."

Ella Mac Parker

The silent, who believes in being seen and not
heard.

Reese Golden

The brilliant, who stands in with the faculty.

Bryant Cox

Our studious and sincere preacher.

Thomas Hignite

The scientist, who was never known to be at
Histology on time.

IN THE LIBRARY

I am in the library with the intention of writing this essay. What shall I write about? Indeed it is a question. Something strikes me; maybe an idea—who knows?

The bell has rung—two minutes ago; everybody in the building is either departing or congregating in the room of supposed silence, but it is only a supposition, probably of the librarian who has not made her appearance.

The throng around me have had a thorough course in parlor etiquette but not in the library kind; everyone greets his neighbor; groups of three and four are carrying on conversation on any subject except school work. Half a dozen are talking in loud tones while a score of others are gazing about just as I am doing. Another score is tramping aimlessly around, perhaps looking for their books, so they can go to class. The tardy bell rings; out go the searchers, making enough noise to suggest that the building is afire—no such luck! The gazers sit down, producing an echo of the tramping feet in the rattling of the folding seats; confusion is at its apex—where is the librarian? The loud speakers have ceased, but the conversationalists have not. The gazers have found their tongues, the chattering has grown into a mighty hum, continuous and irritating—oh! where is the librarian? But this cannot last long; she will soon be here. If she shouldn't come this essay may not be finished.

Ah! how the confusion is dwindling! One cannot hear the rattling of papers and magazines; the librarian must be coming—yes there she is at the desk.

What a change has come over the noisy assemblage, and how apparently studious they now are. I can now write the required essay. I will write what I have seen and heard. There goes the chapel bell, but the essay is finished. Thanks to the tardy librarian.

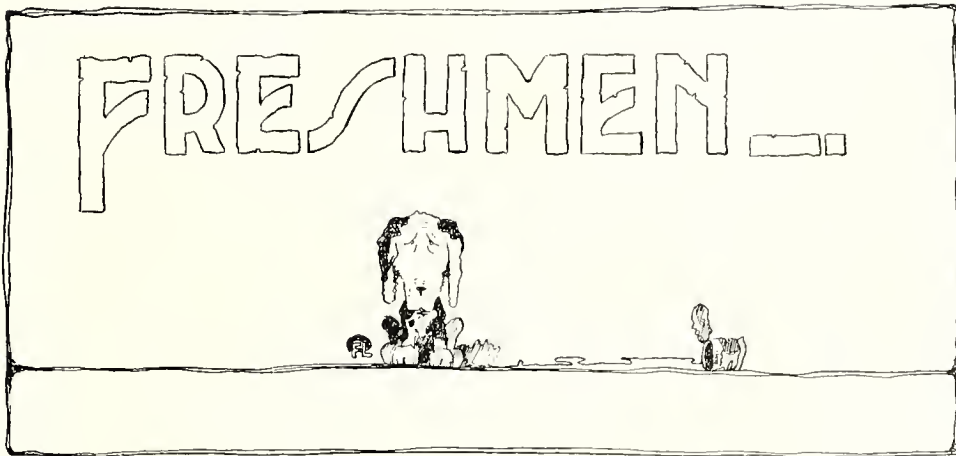
—Elmer Parker, College '26



COLLEGE SNAPS



FRESHMEN



1. Oscar Jarvis
2. Cy Brown
3. Theodore Davies
4. Rondo Huff
5. Mary Walker
6. Fontella Oaks
7. Dorothy McPhail
8. Frances Congleton
9. Homer Hieronymus
10. Taylor Jarvis
11. Pearl Parsons
12. Mary Faulkner
13. Carolyn Stanfill
14. Kathryn Boggs
15. Lois Gardner

FRESHMEN

Whoopce! Here we are, the most verdant bunch of mortals in college so the upper-classmen think. But perhaps we are not. Well, we are glad to be in college, so just watch us go.

The year now closing has been full of joy and success, and bright are our hopes for the years ahead of us. We may be new but we have distinguished persons in our class. We are justly proud of them too.

Educating the future citizens of America is a wonderful mission and holds the destiny of our country. Of the college Freshmen doing this great work of teaching or preparing themselves for it, we find, Nannie Stickley, Pearl Parsons, Mary Walker, Edna Catron, Mary Faulkner and Carolyn Stanfill.

Our class contributes to the athletic side of school life too. We gladly gave Frances Congleton to the girls' basketball squad, and Cy Brown for football, basketball and baseball. In other words he's an all round athlete from our class.

Homer Heironymus is a wide awake author and yet not a lap behind this, he is a dreamy poet of great fame on the campus.

Taylor and Oscar Jarvis, brothers but not twins, have enduring purposes for life. The former, a staunch believer in education, and the latter a future doctor of Kentucky. What a combination! One a doctor of the mind, the other of the body.

Music fills the air from the Freshman class. Ted Davies with his violin may become a second Kreisler. Fontella Oaks and Carolyn Stanfill are song birds of the rarest type.

Kathryn Boggs may be a little late to her eight o'clock classes, but she makes up for it after she gets there by her ability to look, and say nothing.

When it comes to describing what you see and some things you haven't seen Lois Gardner wins the medal of honor.

Young Lochinvar comes out of the west and escorts Grace Miller to school each morning. She arrives on time, but how she manages it no one knows.

A reticent person yet with ever ready opinions when asked, is Paul Sampson. He hails from New York, and likes a small town. What a wonder, and how unexpected of him.

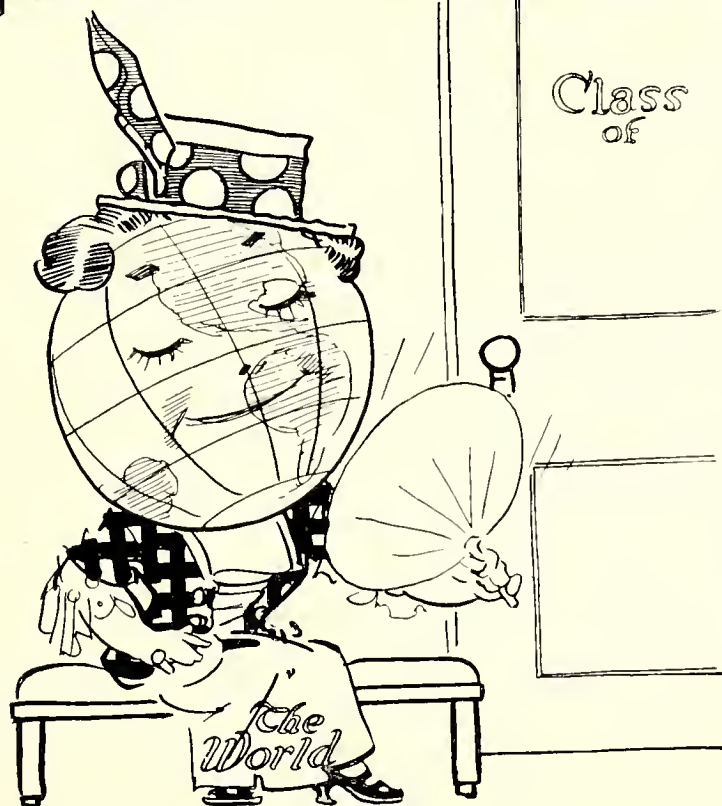
The largest and jolliest member of our class is "Fatty" Huff. He says he is losing weight, but the imagination might lead one to believe many things which don't appear to be true.

Although we have not fulfilled all our hopes and plans, we still have three years in which to work, win, and live for Union.

—Dorothy McPhail.

Book III
The High School

SENIORS



S E N I O R S

**B. F. Hensley**

B. F., our class president. Being endowed with energy, conviction and enthusiasm, he has led the Seniors over difficulties that would have appalled and overcome any one else of '24.

Pauline Lay "Polly Anna"

She is not only our cheer leader for basket ball but always has a word of encouragement wherever and whenever that word is needed; this quality endears her to the hearts of those who know her.

Clarence Webb

Hail to the senior optimist. He takes the good with the bad, plays real football, and in the conjugation of French verbs wins the fur lined ham sandwich.

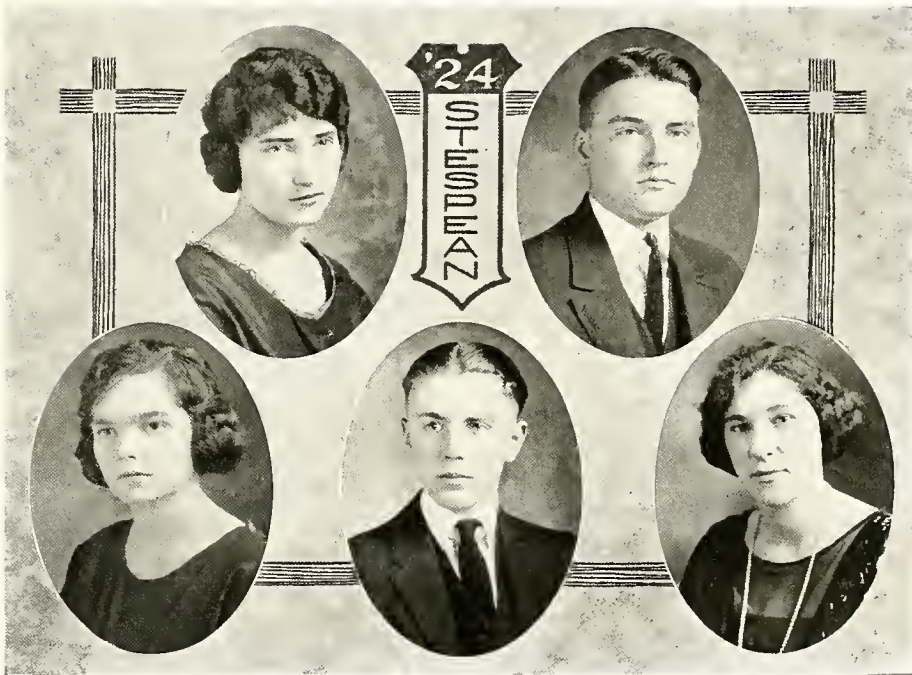
Gertrude Phillips

A genial disposition and charming personality. She is so very charming that long ago she added the M-r-s degree to her name. She is an excellent student and a favorite with all her teachers. She is very much interested in the teaching profession and is excelled by few as a teacher.

Paul Sampson

Hails from the great city of New York but he loves all out of doors. Kentucky hills charm him into their midst day and night. It's a hike to Cumberland Gap to-day, another to London to-morrow. He knows woodcraft; and girls, he can cook, too.

S E N I O R S



Lillie Davis Owens "Lil"

It has been said that beauty is skin deep, but not so with Lil. Her beauty comes from her very soul. Everybody likes Lil.

Martin Sullivan

"He is serious and dependable,
Trustworthy and true;
Capable and efficient, an
Excellent student too"

Ethel Payne

"Still water runs deep."
Ethel is rather quiet but she thinks big thoughts and expresses them whenever she speaks.

Alfonso Saunders "Kid"

His active brain is all
afame and conscious of
his future fame.

Elizabeth Wilder
"Betty"

She honors the Senior
Class with her singing and
at the piano she's an art-
ist; she's a present help
in time of hasty programs.
She's charming and is nev-
er without a word and a
smile.

S E N I O R S



Herbert Perkins "Perk"

Herbert Perkins, better known as
 "Perk,"
 In his work he'll sometimes shirk.
 He's the handsomest lad in the class
 And has broken the heart of many a
 lass.

Thelma Tuggle

Thelma honored us with her pres-
 ence until the winter term. Then she
 left us to join the Public School seniors.

Estill Botner

Estill is the composer
 Of our class song and
 yell.
 He is also an ardent
 proposer,
 As Maggie J. knows full
 well.

Kathryn Lay "Katrink"

Katrink is our baby sen-
 ior; although she is the
 youngest she is by no
 means the least important.
 She is generous and always
 seen with a lively bunch.
 Her favorite animal is
 man.

Beckham Garland

U. C.'s penman. Quiet,
 unassuming, capable, digni-
 fied, yet full of fun. His
 good nature is revealed in
 the twinkle of his eyes and
 his marcelle waves are the
 envy of all the girls.

S E N I O R S

**Stanley Black**

Stanley has been with us since his freshman year. He wants us to think he is dignified and reserved but he doesn't always succeed. This handsome young gentleman is always calling for "Moore."

Sallie Frederick

She's a person, common like and good
Plain and easy understood.
One that folks like me and you
Kin understand and relish, too,
Something in her nature hits
The spot, and sticks and benefits.

Julia Walker

Diligently and faithfully
She has pursued her way.
She's quiet and unobtrusive
And does her work thru every day.

Mrs. Miracle

Small and neat as she can be
(We know her husband will agree)
She is a student sure and sound;
And a jolly good friend the whole year
'round.

S E N I O R S



Anna Mae Smith

She may be lazy but she's all right.
 She drives around in a Willys-Knight
 She comes to class and is tardy too;
 But bet your life no work she'll do!

Ouida Gerlach

Ouida is a bonnie lass
 Of whom we're very fond
 For when we need a helping hand
 She's ready to respond.

Arthur Delph

Arthur Delph, our senior
 dandy
 At everything he's very
 handy,
 But selling autos is his
 delight
 The "Moon" illumines his
 darkest night.

Nannie L. Taylor

She's the President's
 Secretary, and keeps all
 departments of his office
 work running smoothly.
 She is such an excellent
 student that any class
 would be glad to own her,
 but '24 gets her.

Dan Woodward

Ole Dan Woodward; a
 bald headed man;
 A smasher too, if he pos-
 sibly can;
 A Londoner true; a very
 good fellow;
 Quarrelsome in physics,
 but surely not yellow.
 (We wonder why he would-
 'nt have his picture made)

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

You have just been looking us over and reading the individual write-ups of our members; we are sure that you have seen in our looks enough to arouse your curiosity and to make you want to know more of our history. We started out in September 1920 and there toiled and worried, because of the dreadful assignments given by the too generous instructors who seemed to have almost as high an estimation of our ability as we had ourselves; the name Freshman was galling, but we looked forward with hope to the next year. Many, in fact most of the class have either drifted elsewhere or fallen by the wayside.

The year of 1921 stamped us as Sophomores; this year we had many lively class meetings, "Honor System" discussions and debates. We won fame in the Good English campaign, but we beg that you no longer remember this fact when you hear us speak now, for since that time we have found so much more to talk about that the words we used in the memorable, and to us glorious English campaign are no longer adequate to our needs.

Probably the most interesting year of our school life was the year of 1923 in which we found ourselves Juniors. The grave responsibility of publishing the Orange and Black, the most loved, enjoyable and widely read news bearer of Union College, was ours; in publishing it we felt that we were doing a work that no Juniors in the near future could improve upon. We still feel proud of the work we did for the Orange and Black and believe that its degree of completeness this year is due in a great part to the efficient work we did last year. We owe much of our success in our Junior year to our faithful and efficient teacher, Mrs. Franklin, who advised and encouraged us. Her life revealed character and was an inspiration to us all.

September 18, 1924, marked the beginning of the busiest year we have ever experienced in school.

Busy! but English IV is a sight! Debates for a whole term; one act plays, essays, farewell addresses, briefs, outlines and countless themes. Now it's a big book we must read on the side, while we struggle with the large thoughts of Carlyle in the class room. We don't have any fun in English room unless it's everybody's fun. Earn our credits in English? We surely do; after all Miss Weeks is our teacher-friend whom we can fully trust, and we shall not soon forget the things she stands for.

Our class is known as the "smasher" class; we are always in favor of something else, whether it is better or not. We possess talent for almost anything we need to do. We have debaters, poets, salesmen and just the ordinary ones among us; we live and are happy as a class with our vote uncompromisingly divided. After our many hardships, trials, additions and subtractions, the greatest of these being subtraction from both class membership and spending funds, we survive twenty some odd in number, exhausted but happy and exalted Seniors of '24.

—Beckham Garland.

PROPHECY

A LEAF FROM A DIARY

Florence, Italy

June 18, 1934.

Of all the days of my sojourn here, this has been the richest. In an obscure old antique shop I found a queer little lamp with a fascinating history. It was Aladdin's lamp or one of its descendants. You had only to fill it with the magic oil, light it and then you could see any scene or person you wished. There was only one small vial of the magic fluid but I paid a fabulous sum, and the lamp and the oil were mine.

When I returned to my room I placed the lamp upon the table, arranged the wick in the spout, poured in the precious oil and touched a match to the wick. After making the wish which had been uppermost in my mind for several months, namely to know what walk of life my former classmates at U. C. '24 were in at this time, I rubbed my palms over the surface of the lamp, bent closer and gazed into its dull globe. A crowded street in New York City appears. The outstanding figure is a man of small stature, diligently grinding away on a small hand organ. Yes, I see he has a monkey too, with its bright red jacket, and cap in its hand, outstretched for pennies for its master. Who is the short Italian looking organ grinder? I peer closer and recognize the once familiar face of our much honored and beloved class president, B. F. Hensley. As I continue to gaze this scene vanishes and another takes its place. There comes before me a picture of a lady kneeling on a street corner. What, has our dear old U. S. A. widened the field of women's activities so much that now in 1934 my dear class mate, Kathryn Lay, has chosen the career of a lady shoe shine? Ah, that is it. I see that she is industriously plying her trade on a number eleven resting on a small box before her.

Again the picture changes. This time I do not see a street, but a tiny room in an unobtrusive college. The fire light casts a glow over the room and the flickering shadows disclose the form of Estill Botner pacing the floor, diligently endeavoring to quiet a squawking youngster. Looking closer I see the clock hands point to something past midnight and his better half is peacefully sleeping, while on a table beside her rests a vicious looking rolling pin. Yes, there are the marks of the weapon on his pate.

It has gone, faded. The scene that takes its place is that of a brilliantly lighted ball room of a residence on Michigan avenue. The room is filled with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen. The central figure is a woman of superb bearing, dressed in a creation of ivory satin. As this charming hostess glances bewitchingly over an ivory feather fan, I recognize Sallie Frederick. In the hazy background I can discern the large plant of Sears, Roebuck & Co. with an immense sign upon the side announcing that owing to Miss Frederick's faithful patronizing of this company throughout her years in

Union College, the previous owners have willed the entire business to her. Of course, backed up by such wealth she has taken her place in the choice circles of Michigan avenue society.

As my eager eyes feast upon this scene it vanishes and I now behold the mingled throng of a show ground of the world famous West Bros. Circus. Along side the main tent are several side shows. The most popular one seems to be the most gaudily colored tent with the sign which reads: "Fat Man Wonder, weighs 934 lbs. and 2 oz. The fattest man in existence. Only ten cents." As soon as I have read this sign the curtains of the tent slowly part and I see the fat man wonder. With some difficulty I finally recognize Stanley Black.

The next picture is the interior of a beauty parlor. The proprietress of this up-to-date establishment is Miss Julia Walker and from the many customers I judge she is a success.

The scene changes to a sanitarium. Who is that dressed in white, walking so slowly down the long white corridors? Ah it is the most immaculate member of our class, Mr. A Gilmore Delph. What has he in his hand? A fly swat! I see. He now earns his livelihood by swatting flies at two cents a hundred.

I now see a small severely furnished room. A woman is seated in a straight backed chair, wearing a voluminous dress of red with an exceedingly high collar and long sleeves and her hair done primly in a knot on top of her head. At her right is perched a very inquisitive parrot and at her feet is sleeping an over fat masculine cat. As she idly twiddles her thumbs and gazes into space, I recognize Lil Owens.

But what do I see now? The White House. And who is that strolling masterfully from room to room? It is none other than Alphonso Saunders. Upon closer inspection I discover from the array of mops and brooms that he is White House janitor.

Again a crowded street corner meets my eyes with its usual hot dog stand. Who can be so dexterously handing out hot dogs and raking in dimes?—Paul Sampson.

A long low building takes the place of the stand and I see Mrs. Miracle in a luxurious coat of fur, viewing her cat and rat farm with extreme satisfaction. The cats are having their evening meal of rats, and a bit to one side I see a huge pile of cat furs ready for market. This explains the beautiful coat she sports.

This time it is little old Chicago. Can that be Dan Woodward wending his way down the crowded street? It is. His lips seem to be forming the words "old umbrellas to mend." Ah to be sure there is the pack flung over his shoulders.

Oh! A scrap torn from the most popular magazine. The ad reads "Miss Taylor's School for Secretarial Training. Special attention paid to those preparing to serve U. S. presidents, ambassadors and millionaires."

It is now the highly polished floor of a fashionable dancing school.

This class specializes in classic Greek dances. Among the fluttering graceful figures of the dancers is that of their renowned master, Martin Sullivan.

From a one time white house issues Pauline Lay lovingly herding a round dozen, all sizes and ages. Judging from their furbelows and frills they must have started to Sunday school. Their well scrubbed faces are evidence that she has the Saturday night bath rule well established in her household.

They disappear and a crowded square takes its place. The crowd is entranced by the words which flow from the lips of Herbert Perkins. He is a well known "soap box orator" and is now speaking in behalf of the anti-cat league of which he is a member.

Now the scene changes to a tropical swamp and I see a figure dressed in white duck and sun hat. He carries a canvas bag upon his back. He has a field glass, through which he watches intently a tiny bug flying through the air. His net fastened to a long rod soon captures the insect and he gloats over this object as if it were gold. He takes an even keener delight in chasing butterflies however, and from these facts I know he is a lepidoptarian and none other than Clarence Webb.

The swamp gives way to a large manufacturing establishment. A magnificent limousine rolls up and out steps Mrs. Philips. She looks with pride upon a sign in front of the plant which reads: "Use Philips' Powdered Paste, guaranteed to speedily relieve all library troubles. Greatest chemical discovery of this century. Manufactured solely by Mrs. T. H. Philips at this plant."

At length I can discern the South Sea Islands. Beneath the shade of the palms stand two rows of natives leisurely waving large long handled fans. The object of such attention is the reclining "Sheik of the South Sea Islands" in native costume. Before him, dancing to the tune of the tom tom are five of the favorite entertainers of his court. My gaze returns to the lounging king and to my utter astonishment I recognize Beckham Garland.

Now it is the brightly lighted stage of a play house that confronts me. Dressed as a water nymph, a nifty looking little chorus girl dances her way toward me. The flood of applause that greets her and the shower of flowers which fall at her feet, tell me as nothing else can of her great success and popularity. She proves to be our littlest girl, Ethel Payne. Alas! my lamp begins to grow dim, flickers and goes out. The last of the magic oil is gone forever.

—Elizabeth Wilder.

SENIOR CLASS SONG

(Tune—Old Black Joe)

Gone are the days
When we were fresh and green;
Gone are the days
When Sophs so wise did seem;
Passed Junior heights,
That will know us nevermore
We hear the world now sternly calling
O Senior.

Chorus:

We're coming, we're coming
We'll make things go our way.
And all the world will soon
Pass under Senior way.

Now come the days
When we face the world so wide,
To do our best,
Then no matter what betide;
Still we do sigh
For the days that come no more
Although the call we answer gladly
O, Senior.



SENIOR YELL

R-a-a-a Seniors
Come out of the woods; Get up with us;
We're out to win; we take no bluffs,
Seniors, Seniors, S-e-n-i-o-r-s!



SENIOR SNAPS



LELA VINCENT, Voice Graduate

Lela is not a High School Senior as she had that honor last year, but she is a voice senior. She has studied only music this year. She has worked faithfully and well and receives a certificate from Mrs. Nunvar's department. Her voice is truly wonderful. Lyceum artists may come and go, but we always prefer Lela. Sometimes, when she starts a long ascending phrase, we think she can never reach such a height, yet we know she has to, and she always does. She never disappoints us. Her tones ring clear, and she drops from her height back to earth with the ease and speed of a skylark.

We are looking forward to a recital which she is to give near the end of school. Lela has a natural stage presence that makes her as easy to look at as to listen to. Yes, we are quite sure that she will make a second Galli Curci.



J U N I O R S

President	Cassie Cox
Secretary and Treasurer	Odessa Foley
Vice President	Margaret Wilson
Yell Leader	Bernice Humfleet
Class Colors	Navy and Gold
Class Friend	Miss Carter

PEPPY JUNIORS

Happy Hooligan—Gloomy Gus
What in the world is the matter with us!
Nothing at all—nothing at all
We're the class that knows it all
Yea! Juniors! Yea! Juniors!

These jolly Juniors, full of pep are well represented by their yell. Always on the go—can't be held back! Everything we take hold of we make a success. We're not bragging—we just tell the plain facts.

We took hold of the Orange and Black and on every hand is heard. "The best Orange and Black ever published." We have always had snappy write-ups and up-to-date news. We added a special feature to the paper—Romance Nook—edited by an unknown Jack and Jill whose wise and witty advice to premature lovers alone is worth a year's subscription.

Juniors are sometimes called "Wise Fools," but we are too modest to adopt the adjective and too truthful to admit the noun.

"In athletics we're in the swim,
With victory, vigor and vim.
Just look at the score,
Just grin at the roar
Which we perpetuate
Both early and late,
On gridiron and diamond galore."

The Juniors have the best pianist in school, the best cooks, the founders of the Home Economics Club, the most enthusiastic and willing bunch of students to put on plays and literary programs, and last but not least, the best class friend.

Our class friend, Miss Carter, through thick and thin, has stayed with us. When we would get discouraged and our pep would leave us about our paper or class work she would always renew our vigor by her pleasant smile and kind words. She is a friend worth having.

And yes, oh yes—the Junior class will royally entertain the Seniors on April the 12th.

We challenge not only the little things of life but also the larger things for our motto is, "Our Lives Shall Be A Challenge Not A Truce."

Odessa Foley, Class Secretary.



S O P H O M O R E S

President Robert Peters (Red)

Vice President .. Roy Nelson (Sister)

Secretary Stanley Faulkner (Pedro)

Treasurer ... John Belcher (Sophomore Baby)

Class Friend Miss Carter

Class Colors: Purple and Gold.

Class Motto: By Our Efforts We Shall Win.

Class Song: If Your Hearts Keep Right.

SOPHOMORE HISTORY

On September 19, a lively bunch of boys and girls entered Union College, two with fiery tops and others with black and brown tops, in full spirits for some real work.

We have "all sorts and conditions of men" in our class. One is full of fun, a real good sport, and medal winner for tardiness. Who?—Same who won the baby doll on Hallowe'en night for best disguise. It's no other than "Mike;" everybody knows him. Two are good artists—Roy Nelson and Robert Weed—who take great interest in drawing "crocky diles" and are bound for the Hall of Fame.

We have fine athletes in our class, among them such stars as China Mae and Mary Richardson. Well, all the Sophs are of special interest—everyone knows that,—but just watch when it comes their turn to give a literary program! They dramatized a part of Silas Marner and staged it with high credit.

In December the Sophomores sponsored the English Drive. They made beautiful posters, suggesting the value of Good English and gave an interesting play in which bad English was banished "now, henceforth and forever." English in old Union for that week at least deserved an A grade and we believe we accomplished some permanent good. English is our strong point with Miss Carter our faculty adviser so ably directing the work. We're "on the spot when called upon." Take note of the Academy class of '26.

We're a gay rollicking care-free bunch of picnickers. When we're out for a good time we have it. Class spirit manifests itself there as well as in the class work where we dig deep and earnestly for knowledge. Hats off to the Sophs! Freshies look up and Juniors look down! Oh yes our athletic record is the very pink of perfection and our faculty adviser, our leader in everything, is tip-top; if anyone doubts it just ask one of the "Bunch."

Whickety whack, clickety clack.

We are the class that won't stand back!

Rah Rah Ray Rah Rah Rix

We are the class of '26.

Laura Roberts and Robert Peters.



FRESHMEN

Here we are! The Freshman Class!

A jolly bunch, 'tis so;
Though we look real stiff in the pictures,
We're alive and on the go.

Over fifty in the class! The largest freshman class that has ever assembled under the sacred portals of dear old Union.

Active, most assuredly we've been. Early in the year our class officers were elected as follows: Ben Dishman, president; Margie Moore, vice president; Kathryn Kennedy, secretary-treasurer. When Ben departed from our midst, Margie assumed his duties as president of our group.

One beautiful Monday afternoon before Mr. Winter had made his initial bow, our class staged a picnic at Long Hill. And what a gala picnic it was!

The class gave its first literary program before the holidays. Though it wasn't up to the standard of what our class can do, still it was a good beginning for "Freshies."



FRESHMEN

Our next program far surpassed the first. Aside from specialties we presented a one act play, "Aunty," a real credit to the class.

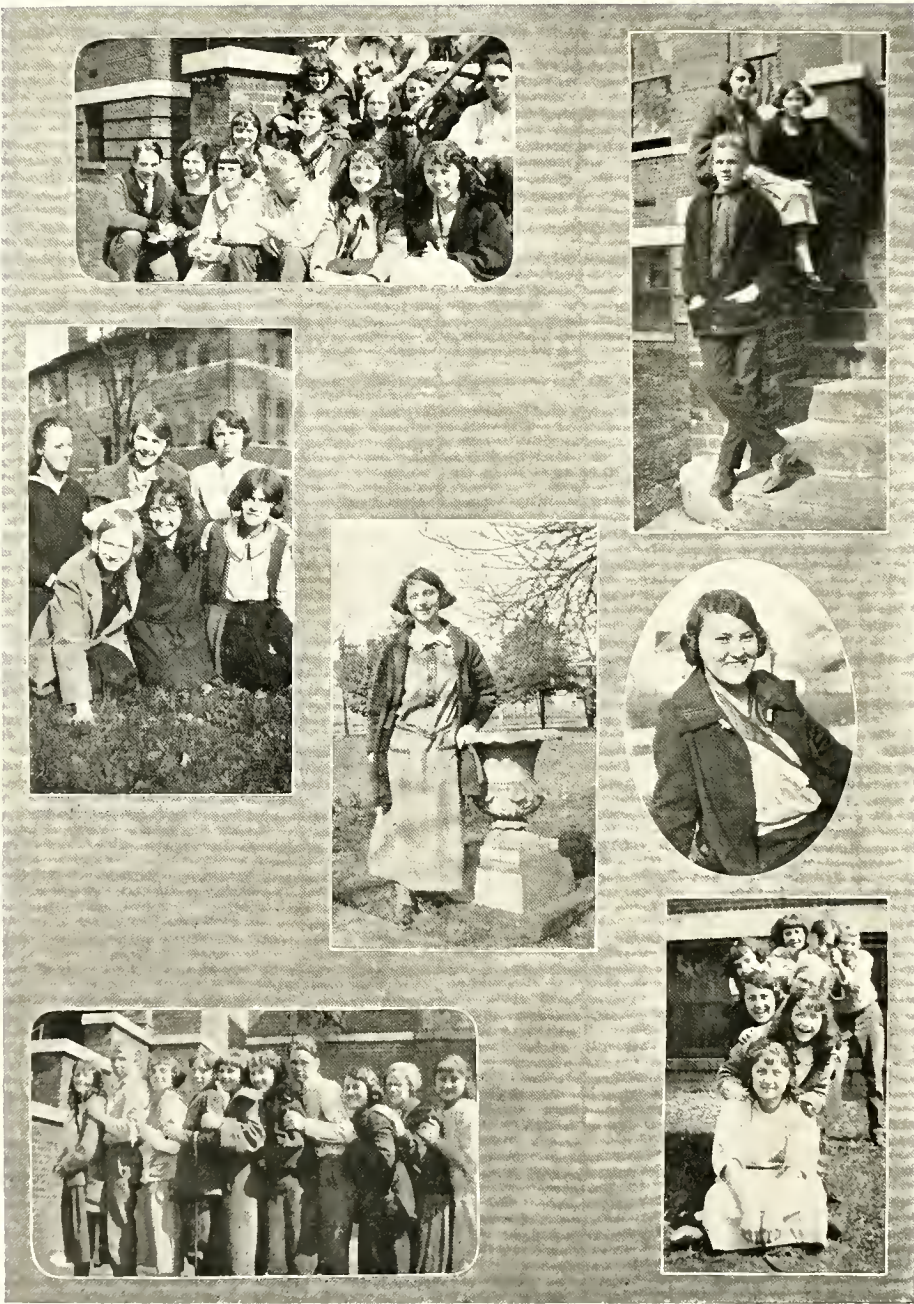
Athletics? Here we shine and brilliantly too. Our class basket tossers won several games during the season.

Though neither of our two contestants won first in the Boys' Beauty Contest, we're plucky enough to be content with their carrying off second and third honors, any way.

Many of the Freshmen have so well disciplined themselves in the study hall that fully two thirds of our class have been excused!

I might indulge in further panegyrics upon this wonderful group, but "A word to the wise is sufficient," so I leave it to you. Haven't we a regular class? Echo answers: "Sure."

Frank Davidson.



HIGH SCHOOL SNAPS

Book IV
Organizations

ORGANIZATIONS



JETTIE STRATTON
PRESIDENT



VIOLET HUMFLEET
VICE PRESIDENT



MAYME HENSLEY
SECRETARY



PEARL PARSONS



REBECCA SAWYER



CAROLYN STANFILL



Fontella Oaks



MARY FAULKNER



ELLA MAE PARKER



RUTH BOWMAN



LOIS GARDNER



DOROTHY McPHAIL



FRANCES CONGLETON

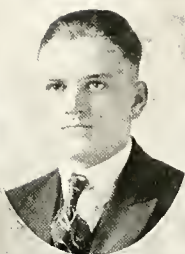


KATHRYN BOGGS

C. G. S.



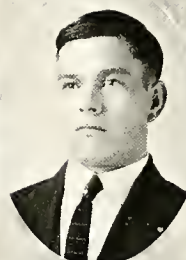
JOSH FAULKNER
PRESIDENT



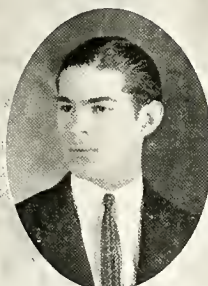
FRANCIS EDWARDS



BRYANT COX



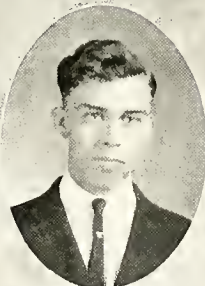
HENRY PAYNE



ROBERT BLAIR



HOMER HIERONYMUS



WILLIAM MARTIN



ELMER PARKER



REESE GOLDEN



HAROLD PARKER



RONDO HUFF



JAKIE HOWARD



ANCIL PAYNE



RICHARD BALLINGER

KAPPA MU



SCRIBBLERS' CLUB

Standing—Richard Ballinger, Elmer Parker, Goethe, William Martin, Miss Weeks.

Seated—Mayme Hensley, Ancil Payne, Robert Blair, Paul Sampson, Francis Edwards, Violet Humfleet, Homer Hieronymus, Dorothy McPhail, president.

SCRIBBLERIA PEDANTICA

The Scribblers' Club was organized in September, 1923. In this our allotted space, we propose to publish a magniloquent glorification of ourselves.

First, our purpose is an ingenuous one. It is to expatiate upon the opportunities offered by Union College for the benefit and delectation of Union College public. Second, we are only human in so far as we would like to see ourselves registered as denizens in the world of print. You can see that publicity is what Union needs. I might say that this fact is indubitable, but anything we can do along this line will be innocuous.

We are an alacritous club and allow no feeling of debility to enter our personnel. None of us is a hypochondriac and we are all far from being defunct. Cast your eye on the reproduction of our likenesses. Not all of us may look ineluctable in this photograph, but do not disparage our efforts to augment our supereminence.

Our Scribblers' band is blessed with exuberant imagination but no trace of mendacity. We will not vacillate in our purpose. We hope our success will not be without fruition; that it will not be ephemeral, but will live through many years in its influence on the future Scribblers of Union College.

Dorothy McPhail, College '27.



THE DEAR OLD GOLDEN RULE

The rule of which I write was one that hung over an old work bench at home. It was of great durability, for it was made of straight maple wood, and was painted a beautiful golden yellow. There was a hole in one end by which it hung on a nail in the wall. I always looked at it with disgust when I worked at the bench, for it was not only an aid to the work of the farm and household, but many a time it was used as an executive of home law. Many a time have I worked at the old bench, building a bobsled or perfecting a bow and arrow, but never once did I take down the Golden Rule to aid me in my work. Somehow I feared everyone of those thirty-six inches marked off on the wood, and I knew I had stood before its onslaught once at least for every inch. Often I looked at it hanging innocently on its nail, and tried to raise enough courage to take it down and chop it into bits with the hatchet, but I never could bring myself to touch it for I remembered that Father had a way of looking straight into my very soul whenever he questioned me about any piece of mischief of which I was suspected.

One experience I remember distinctly, for it was my worst and last with the Golden Rule. It happened in the summer when the corn just reached to the waist of the plowman as he cultivated his crop; just when the tender leaves of the cabbage began to curl themselves affectionately around its sweet young heart. Father had the largest dairy near town, and it always befell me to care for a half dozen stubborn calves who spent their first summer in the orchard. After the cows were about half milked, it was my job to turn them into the orchard so that the calves could have their share. On this particular afternoon I turned the cows through the gate, and ran into the house to see Uncle John who had just driven up in his new car. I meant to return soon and drive the cows back for the night but supper was ready and I ate intending to finish my little job as soon as the meal was over. Uncle John, however, asked us to go for a ride in the new car, and we didn't get home till after dark.

The next morning I was awakened by loud shouts, and I recognized the angry voice of Mr. Bradford, our nearest neighbor. Yes, I remembered all right then. The cows had gone straight down the lane which led into Mr. Bradford's garden, and I knew that the gate was wide open, for the hired man had been hauling hay up the lane the day before.

The conversation seemed to be traveling in my direction. "Yes, sir," thundered Mr. Bradford, "that was the best corn in the county. Mandy 'lowed she'd have roasin' ears by the first of July; you ought to see that corn now; Hit's plumb ruin't; just stubbs stickin' up; and all them pretty beans and sweet potato vines tramped into the ground. I tell you sir, I wouldn't have had that done for two hundred dollars cash in hand."

Then I heard Father's voice: "I'm very sorry, Mr. Bradford; it was only a careless mistake of one of the boys. Of course I will pay for the actual damage caused by the cows." They agreed upon a suitable figure, and Mr. Bradford concluded: "I would have charged you more, but there is a possibility that one of the cows will die, and—well, I didn't want to be too hard on you. Of course if it had been anyone else I would have charged more."

I slipped into my clothes and went down to face the worst. Father did not speak to me at once, but as soon as Mr. Bradford left he led me gently into the workshop. As he took down the Golden Rule, he said, "Son, you know how I hate to do this, but I do it to remind you that duty and responsibility come before anything else. I hope this is the last time that I shall have to do a thing like this." I had nothing to say.

Then there was music in camp. I had always been a fair mathematician, so I figured about how long that rule would last. A few more licks and the stick would reach its elastic fatigue and go to pieces. But my calculations were wrong, for when Father had finished his job he hung the Golden Rule back on the wall as good as ever. As I looked at it there, aided by the peculiar sensations in my back, I made a final decision that the old yellow ruler should never be taken down again for my benefit.

In a few days that instrument of punishment disappeared and the clue was never found as to its whereabouts. Only once was it mentioned by Father, and that was one day when only he and Mother and I were at dinner. One remark was made but it set me at liberty, because when Father spoke of the unaccountable disappearance of the Rule, I saw a smile and a wink slip off his face, directed towards Mother. Then he took my plate and as he passed it to Mother he said, "How about another piece of pie for our dairyman?" And I knew that all was well.

Homer Hieronymous, College '27.



I wish I were a poet,
And had a pen of gold;
I'd write a poem very long
Like Tennyson of old.

But alas I'm not the poet,
And try as though I might
I'll never write a poem,
My head is all too light.

H. H. '27.



LATIN CLUB

Lillie Owens President

Stanley Faulkner Vice President

Gertrude Philips Secretary and Treasurer

Miss Carter and Miss Ruef Sponsors

YE OLDE TYME LATYNE CLUBB

Yes, we now have a Latin Club in Union College—the first organization of that kind ever in Union— and we all sincerely wish for it a long and vigorous life.

The club was organized during the fall term by Miss Carter, our beloved teacher and confidante in all things; and Miss Ruef, who occupies a high place in our regard, has been very kind in helping us “carry on.” It is composed at present of the Caesar and Vergil classes, and all beginning Latinists who make high grades. We think the club a great inducement to beginners to study hard and thereby become affiliated with this great and noble organization.

The primary aim of the club is to learn more Latin in an entertaining way, and to discover hidden treasure in the Latin language. We have our Latin songs, readings, and games, and shocking? we play cards. But they are Latin cards, having real educational value. We have spent several pleasant and profitable evenings in this manner, and hope to spend many more. We think that our motto should be “O, Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet,” especially when we have a mighty lesson to conquer.

In this way our Latin has grown to mean more to us, and to be so much more interesting. We have changed Mark Antony’s words to read “We come to praise Caesar but not to bury him.”

Latin is dubbed by some a dead language, but we are very much alive, as you will perhaps agree from our picture; and so, Latin clubbers, and others, get busy and boost the Latin language, and especially in the Latin Club, for we get profit out of anything in proportion to what we put into it. Right lustily we sing to the tune of “The Old Oaken Bucket:”

“That time-honored Latin,
That iron-bound Latin,
That moss-covered Latin
Which hangs on so well.”

—Roy Nelson, '26.



HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

-
- Sponsor Miss Frazee
- President Cassie Cox
- Vice President Bernice Humfleet
- Secretary and Treasurer Margaret Wilson

Motto: "Eat, Drink and be Merry."

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

We are thirteen of the best cooks in school. We know that the nearest way to a man's heart is through his stomach because we've tried several times. Of course good eats won't always turn the trick but if they won't, he's impossible, anyway.

We think we have become very skilled in the art of cooking since we have cooked and served so many banquets, dinners and luncheons, for the Masons, the Kappa Mu, and faculty. Some of these were said to be fit for kings and queens. And a most queenly person, our teacher sponsor, Miss Frazee, did partake of our food, and pronounce it good.

You mustn't think that we always cook for other people. No indeed! For isn't our slogan, "Eat, drink and be merry?" We do eat and drink (nothing stronger than coffee, however) and make merry.

One of the merriest times we had was a "professional party." Some of the boys were invited and everyone came dressed to represent his or her intended profession. Some of the girls' costumes were hard to interpret, but I believe they were intended to be house wives.

No, that's not a hint. Don't take it to heart.

—Bernice Humfleet, H. S. '25.

THE GLEE CLUB

Behold! The happiest, jolliest and most faithful organization in school. Every member has a place and every member is always faithful. This has made the Glee Club what it has been this year.

We have met regularly every Tuesday night, and have sung until we thought our throats would surely burst.

As to the programs we have given, ask the people of Barbourville to tell you about, "Ye Olde Tyme Program," given by the Glee Club. This program given in costume with effective setting and lights was the hit of the season. "Cousin Jedidiah," as well as "Ruben and Rachael" captured our audience completely.

The Christmas program given amid Christmas candles, bells, poinsettias, and a "real" Christmas atmosphere deserves honorable mention among the activities of the fall term.

We can never forget the faithful and persistent efforts of our instructor, Mrs. Nunvar, and the undying patience of Miss Flemming as our accompanist has won the love of us all.

We are working and planning for the Easter and Commencement programs at present.

We will never forget the good times as well as the hard work we have had in connection with the Glee Club. This is what makes a "real college." We should have more organizations as alive and full of pep as our Glee Club.

Margaret Wilson, H. S. '25.

OUR ORCHESTRA

Union College is the only school in southeastern Kentucky that can boast an orchestra, and we think we have a right to feel proud. All music loving people recognize that musical talent utilized by a school is an asset to any community. The students of Union feel that the school is known better from the fact that Union is a lover of music.

Every year the orchestra gives some worth while programs. The Christmas recital was entirely classical and well rendered. Each year the orchestra gives a program in some neighboring town. Last year Williamsburg invited the orchestra to render a program. Corbin and Pineville have been entertained by the orchestra a number of times.

The college is greatly indebted to Professor Nunvar. He is our friend and a leader worthy of mention. His untiring patience is well recognized by his students. All who are acquainted with him know that he is one who wants to give the best of his serving qualities.

Ted Davies, College '27.



ORANGE AND BLACK STAFF

Ethel Miracle Associate Editor

Jesse Lawson Advertising Manager

Margaret Wilson Associate Editor

John Fred Williams Business Manager

Bernice Humfleet Editor-in-Chief

Green Turner Treasurer

Maggie J. Burnett Secretary

Theodore Ross Business Manager, Fall Term

Jesse Lay Circulation Manager

THE STEVENSONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The lame has been made to walk; and the sad has been made more cheerful; the sick has recovered. This is what happened to the high school literary society this year.

The high school literary society was organized in 1922 and being in its infancy was not perfect. It had nothing to assure a lasting organization. It did not guarantee the old members that it would be carried on in the future. It was a good seed sown in stony ground, which did not promise to bring forth fruit for the Academy students who are to be here in the future. But the old members, the founders, saw that something must be done, if their good work was to be kept growing.

The society at once elected officers and put themselves to work. This was not all that should be done, a committee was appointed to form a constitution and select a name for the society. A very strong constitution was adopted and the society took for itself the name of Stevensonian Literary Society, named in honor of the first president of Union College, Dr. Daniel Stevenson.

The society is divided into four groups according to classes, namely Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen. The program is given by these groups rotating in order and each class giving a program every four weeks.

The society contains some of the best talent in school; every group has a number of musicians, readers, speakers and entertainers. Each member who has appeared on the rostrum from time to time has worked hard to make this society the best that has been in Union, and we, as well as the faculty, are more than pleased with the progress we are making.

To our future members: catch the spirit that has been set; continue to make the society more perfect; give it food and do not let it fall below the standard, but keep it climbing to higher planes year after year.

B. F. Hensley, '24.



THE RED HEAD CLUB

Jakie Howard, president

Professor Hayes

Professor Funk

Robert Peters, vice president

Mary Richardson, yell leader

Mary Faulkner, sec'y and treas.

Neil Blanton

Hester Smith

Arthur Delph

Mary Garrard

Book V
Athletics



ATHLETICS



COACH FUNK
And His Assistant



VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM

FOOTBALL TEAM

LETTER MEN

Bruce Mayhew	Center
Calvin Geyer	Right Guard
Tom Foley	Quarterback
Josh Faulkner	Left Tackle
Jess Blanton	Left Half
Jakie Howard	Right End
Clarence Webb	Left End
Clyde Hensley	Right Half
Cy Brown	Full Back
Robert Mason	Right Tackle
Green Turner	Sub Guard
Charles Rice	Sub End
Ben Dishman	Sub Half
John Fred Williams	Left Guard

SUBS

B. F. Hensley	Luther Scott
William Mayhew	Manuel Zamora
Herbert Perkins	Arthur Delph
John Burkhart	Robert Peters
Noble Smith	Delmer Jarvis

FOOTBALL SEASON, 1923

Games	Scores
Oct. 5. Jellico at Barbourville;	18-6, Union
Oct. 15. Pineville at Barbourville;	25-2, Pineville
Oct. 27. E. K. S. N. at Barbourville;	6-6
Nov. 2. Cumberland at Barbourville;	26-0, Cumberland
Nov. 9. Harlan at Barbourville;	38-6, Union
Nov. 17. L. M. U. at Harrogate;	30-0, L. M. U.
Nov. 29. E. K. S. N. at Richmond;	12-0, E. K. S. N.
Nov. 22. B. H. S. at Barbourville;	39-0, Union

Union opened her season with a victory over Jellico on Oct. 5th; this was the first test the boys of the Orange and Black met after their weeks of arduous practice. With the first game, the name of Union is linked with good football playing, sport for sports sake, and the spirit of "do or die."

The next game was with Pineville, a more experienced team than Union's but not any more courageous and willing. Our boys fought clean and hard to the last; victory is not always a matter of score alone.

The Eastern Kentucky State Normal game here was the meeting of old rivals; both teams were keyed up to the point of being confident of victory and ready to carry the ball through; but the game see-sawed from one part of the field to the other, hard fought; neither scored above the other; it was a tie of six to six.

Cumberland vanquished Union with a score of 26-0, but our men made them fight for it.

The Harlan team came to play Union on Nov. 9th and were losers 38-6. It was an excellent day and the field was in fine shape; our boys easily counted up the good score against them.

Union went to Harrogate, Tennessee, and played Lincoln Memorial University on Nov. 17th. Union lost the game but gained the experience of playing on a strange field; the first game they played away from their own gridiron, but it was a fighting game all the way through and showed Union still had the old pep and go.

Barbourville High School played Union and lost 38 to 0; they lacked the experience and seasoning of Coach Funk's boys who were nearing the end of their football schedule.

The last game of the season on Thanksgiving day at Richmond with E. K. S. N. was played in a sea of mud, and in a rain that threatened to turn football into an aquatic sport. Union played well despite the slipping, sliding and wallowing on the soft field but lost at 12-0.

Paul Sampson, College '27.



Varsity Basketball Team

Josh Faulkner	Center (Capt.)
Robert Blair	Guard
Calvin Geyer	Guard
Jakie Howard	Forward (Mgr.)
Wm. Tye	Forward

SUBSTITUTES

Herbert Perkins	Center
Cy Brown	Forward
Wm. Mayhew	Guard
Clyde Hensley	Guard

Boys' Varsity Basket Ball Team Personnel

JOSH FAULKNER, Center

Faulkner is not a poet, but he is the Longfellow of the College and when he stood at center during the basketball season, it was some man who could receive a toss up before him. "Larney," the name by which he is well known, always thinks it is better to be cool and composed on the basketball court, so he seems never to be in a hurry, but somehow he was always at the right place with a good eye for the basket. He was the second high point man of the season.

ROBERT BLAIR, Guard

Blair knows just how the game is played. He has played on Union's Varsity team for six years. The team will miss this noble guard in the coming years as this is his last with us. Using the words of Coach Funk, "Blair is the best guard that I have ever seen on a basketball court."

CALVIN GEYER, Guard

Geyer, known to the sporting world as "Blondie" because of his golden locks and baby blue eyes, put up a fight which lasted through every game he played. He is close on the record which Blair made as guard. A swift man and a ready, is Geyer, always at the right place.

JAKIE HOWARD, Forward

Howard is the swiftest man "in ten states" on a basketball floor. So speedy is he that someone has given him the name of "Two-seconds Dan." He can dribble down a floor so fast that the natural eye cannot see anything except a flash of red hair. He will also be missed by the team as he has reached the heights of a noble Senior.

WILLIAM TYE, Forward

Tye, the high point man of the season, has the best eye for a basket of any of Union's men. All that is necessary is for someone to feed the balls to him and the game is going his way. He is popular with the ladies as well as with the sports and is known as "Sweet Willie." The explanation can hardly be given. Ask the ladies.

HERBERT PERKINS, Sub Center

Perkins could take the place at center and play the game without causing the rest of the team any embarrassment. Although he was said to be the laziest man on the team, he never shirked in practice or in the game either. "Perk" was a player of real worth to the team.

CYRUS BROWN, Sub Guard

Brown was the man who didn't care where he was when it was necessary for him to take a spot at the goal. He has raised the score many a time by dropping one in from the opposite end of the court. It is evident that he will be one to take the place of our departing Seniors.

CLYDE HENSLEY, Sub Guard

Hensley was another able substitute who never failed to carry on in a game. He was the high point man in some of the games of the season, and the coach never feared his skill on the floor when he went into a game.

WILLIAM MAYHEW, Sub Forward

Mayhew was the shortest man on the team and his speed was near to that of Howard. When he went on the floor, he was there to score for Union. "Happy" is all that his name implies and promises to win his fame some day as an athlete of high standing.

Games

Dec. 16.	Sue Bennett—at home	36-12	Union
Jan. 9.	Johnson Bible College—at home	36-31	Union
Jan. 12.	Berea—at home	21-35	Berea
Jan. 19.	E. K. S. N.—at Richmond	19-29	E. K. S. N.
Jan. 20.	Milligan—at home	32-30	Union
Jan. 25.	Cumberland—at home	22-11	Union
Jan. 28.	Maryville—at home	30-21	Union
Jan. 30.	W. K. S. N.—Bowling Green	23-33	W. K. S. N.
Jan. 31.	Ogdon—Bowling Green	22-31	Ogden
Feb. 1.	St. Mary's—St. Mary	20-38	St. Mary's
Feb. 4.	Murphy—at home	40-19	Union
Feb. 20.	St. Mary's—at home	33-19	Union
Feb. 22.	East Tenn. Normal—at home	25-28	Normal
Feb. 23.	Cumberland—at Williamsburg	28-24	Union
Feb. 25.	Johnson Bible—at Kimberlin Heights ..	23-35	Johnson
Feb. 26.	Maryville—at Maryville, no lights.....		No game
Feb. 27.	Carson-Newman—at Jefferson City	18-38	C. N.
Feb. 28.	East Tenn. Normal—at Johnson City....	19-20	Normal
Feb. 29.	Milligan—at Johnson City	19-27	Milligan
March 3.	Sue Bennett—at London	27-21	Union

The Varsity won eleven games out of a total of twenty-two games played; this gives the team rating as a 50% team.

Homer Hieronymus, College '27



HIGH SCHOOL BASKET BALL TEAM

LINE-UP

Blanton	Forward
Stout	Forward
G. Howard	Center
B. F. Hensley	Center
Botner	Guard
Luther Scott	Sub
Stanley Black	Sub
Bill Martin	Sub

GAMES

Union, 38; Pineville, 10.	Union, 17; Middlesboro, 16
Union, 10; London, 39.	Union, 10; London, 16.
Union, 17; B. H. S., 10.	

Our high school team was considered a sure winner of the local tournament until four players, namely: Captain Perkins, Clyde Hensley, Bill Mayhew, and Geyer were ruled ineligible because they played on the Varsity.

Nearly any team would be discouraged by such an occurrence as this. But not so with Union. A second string squad began practice a week before the tournament and so well did they do their work that they entered the tournament and defeated Middlesboro High and Barbourville High. In the finals, London High beat us in a hard fought battle 16-10.

The Union squad played exceptional ball under the circumstances. The players are to be congratulated for their splendid performances.

Richard Ballinger, College '25.



GIRLS' VARSITY BASKET BALL TEAM

Frances Congleton	Center
Mary Tye	Forward
Rahma Jackson	Forward
Margaret Wilson	Guard
Odessa Foley	Guard

SUBS

Dovie Jackson	Forward
Mary Richardson	Guard
Ouida Gerlach	Guard

GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM PERSONNEL

MARY TYE, Forward

If a flash were ever made in one season Mary certainly created a sensation.

RAHMA JACKSON, Forward

* Rahma was noted for her exceptional eye on long shots.

FRANCES CONGLETON, Center

Besides being captain of the team she showed her ability as a player against Cumberland and S. B. M. S., two old rivals of U. C.

MARGARET WILSON, Guard

Margaret being the only player from the team of '23 showed remarkable spirit and put up "the old fight."

ODESSA FOLEY, Guard

Although new on the team, she showed those old Irish traits of fighting to the finish.

DOVIE JACKSON, Sub Forward

Dovie was a good sub forward. She always had an eye on the hoop.

MARY RICHARDSON, Sub Guard

Mary was always ready when called to go into the game. She could be seen on all parts of the floor when she was at her best.

OUIDA GERLACH, Sub Guard

Ouida is one of the kind who never say die. When she gets knocked out she is up in a minute and on her job.

Herbert Perkins, H. S. '24



LIFE-SAVING CLASS

China Mae Robinson

Kathryn Lay

Homer Hieronymus

Orville Green

Mary Richardson

Pauline Lay

John Sullivan

Jess Lawson

Crit Jarvis

Stanley Faulkner

Charles Bowman

Ralston Franklin

Robert Peters

William Martin

Joe McNeal

ACQUATIC SPORT

"Hey! Let's go swimming! The water's fine!" Remarks like this can be heard anywhere around the campus, anytime from 1:50 to 7:30. The swimming pool is certainly one of Union's greatest attractions. Some of us wish the entire curriculum were confined to the limits of the dear old 20 by 60 tank. It's such a relief to be able to forget all our worries playing and splashing in the pool.

Not that it's all play. It's a lot of hard work at first to bury your face in the water and stand on your head. And flutter-kicking while you pull slowly with your arms is worse than patting your head and rubbing your stomach. But when you learn all that and how to breathe too, it's a grand and glorious feelin' to go speeding easily through the water.

Miss Cora Sevier, our instructor, is one of the best in the South. She has had three months' training under Mr. L. De B. Handley in New York City, and she has had several years' experience teaching swimming in schools and summer resorts. She knows the most scientific methods and she wants everybody else to know them. Enthusiastic? I should say so! You can't stay around her very long without becoming convinced that the gentle art of swimming is the most wonderful thing in the world.

We had a swimming party March 2nd in which everybody did stunts and enjoyed himself. We are planning a magnificent water carnival for the last of May.

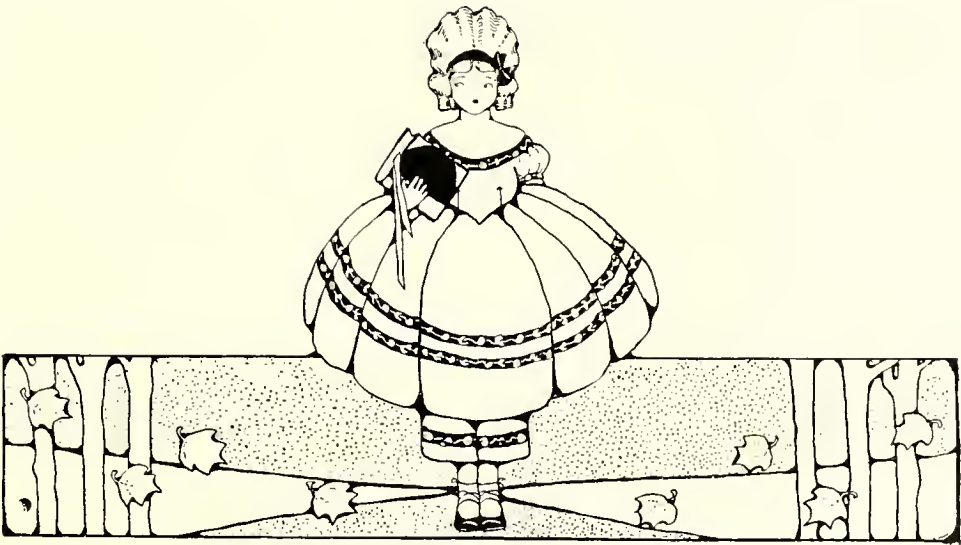
We boast a big Live-Saving Crew this year. About twenty new recruits will be added before the end of the year. They will receive Red Cross live-saving emblems when they pass the examinations and go out prepared to save other lives as well as their own.

One of the Water Dogs



BASEBALL TEAM

Book VI
Popularity



POPULARITY

P O P U L A R I T Y



VIOLET HUMFLEET
Best looking girl

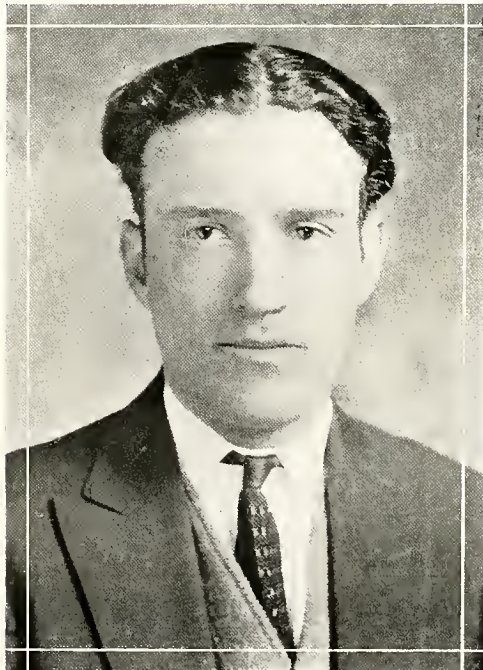


HERBERT PERKINS
Best looking man

POPULARITY



MARGARET WILSON
Most popular girl



JAKIE HOWARD
Most popular man



Ladies' Man



Nuttiest

Biggest
Appetite

Quietest

Coach's
Yell leader

Heavyweight



Sleepiest

Laziest
manBiggest
Audience

WHO'S WHO

Book VII
Salmagundi

KAMPUS KRONICLE

SEPTEMBER

- 18—Registration day. Rain. Gloomy prospects.
- 19—First chapel service. Dr. Franklin feels at home again.
- 20—Students still arrive. Rain over. It's going to be a good year after all.
- 21—Work really begins.
- 22—School Fair takes possession of campus. Mrs. Hewes is "at home" to Speed Hall boys.
- 25—Prof. Humfleet introduces the wonderful and terrible "Blue Slip" in chapel.
- 26—Prof. Hollar orates.
- 27—Glee Club is organized. All song birds cordially invited to join.
- 28—Why all the black eyes and lame legs? Yes, football practice is right!
- 29—Mrs. Hewes and the girls monopolize the gym.

OCTOBER

- 2—First Orange and Black appears.
- 3—Mannuel Zamora says, "Oh, that American slang!"
- 4—Water everywhere! Mr. Houser is building a pond. Swimming pool opens.
- 5—Union College enjoys Swathmore Chautauqua free of charge.
- 6—College department gets on the job; organizes and thinks about the '24 Stespean. Union wallops Jellico 18-6.
- 9—Peppy pep meeting! Emma Hendron elected yell leader.
- 10—Miss Frazee makes an announcement in chapel!
- 11—Pep, football, and more pep!
- 12—At last, the great game! Too bad! Pineville beats us 25-2.
- 13—Saturday Night Mixer is a success!
- 16—Romance Nook of O. & B. causes excitement.
- 17—Interesting talk on temperance in chapel by Mrs. La Mance.
- 18—Dormitory girls present Mrs. Hewes with a basket of fruit.
- 19—Students and faculty favored with a talk by a member of the board of trustees, Rev. E. P. Hall of Harlan.
- 20—C. G. S. gives a rush party to the town girls.
- 22—Senior picnic to Cumberland Gap.
- 23—Seniors order class rings.
- 24—Miss Weeks returns to the campus after a trip to Lexington and Mammoth Cave.
- 25—Dormitory girls have a kitchen chorus something like this "I must turn off the iron."
- 26—We visit Mammoth Cave through Miss Week's talk in chapel.
- 27—Football game with E. K. S. N. Score tied.

29—Mrs. Hewes and Jetty are discovered playing paper dolls.

30—Dr. Franklin warns U. C. students about Hallowe'en.

31—Hallowe'en party at the gymnasium.

NOVEMBER

1—First lyceum number of the year.

2—Bonfire pep meeting on the campus.

3—Biggest game of the season. U. C. vs. Cumberland and Union is a good loser.

4—Social gathering of Stevenson Hall boys with Speed Hall to sing old fashioned songs with girls.

6—New members of C. G. S. worn out from their initiation ceremony.

7—Everyone anxious as to election.

Sophomore literary program is a success.

8—Prof. Hayes announces the arrival of a new basketball coach, Julia Ann Funk.

9—Everyone on time to English IV, Anna Mae included.

10—Football game with Harlan, U. C. winner.

11—Armistice Day—holiday.

12—The usual routine of Monday.

13—Miss Weeks returns from L. M. U.

14—Margaret nearly chokes on chewing gum in Bible class.

15—Honor roll students get honorable mention in chapel.

16—Members of Scribblers club have their pictures taken.

17—U. C. football squad plays L. M. U. Union loses.

19—Monday, everybody sleeping late.

20—Ham for breakfast, an unusual treat.

21—Green has skull practice in Bible class.

22—Glee Club recital a success.

23—Miss Weeks invites the boys to Speed Hall to see the girls!

24—Boys don't respond to Miss Weeks' call!!

25—Everybody up and out to church.

26—New rule is made that all must be on time to meals.

27—Girls go on strike. Don't appear at breakfast.

28—Dr. Franklin informs us that a nation expresses itself in music, hence the jazz of America.

29—Thanksgiving Day—big dinner in dining hall.

30—Bruce on time to English.

DECEMBER

1—Visitors on the campus. Of course we know what they came for—eats!

2—Everyone feeling bad after C. G. S. banquet.

4—The game of the season, heavyweight men find the ground too slick.

5—Miss Dalton of Lexington lectures on Dickens.

6—Miss Freeman instructs us in health problems.

7—Miss Frazee powdered her face with cornstarch.

8—First basketball game of the season with Pineville All Stars—Union wins.

We find Prof. Hollar very comical in chapel.

9—Sunday, lunch served in dining hall.

10—Good English week begins, Red and Green tags flying everywhere.

11—Collie has a bath.

12—Mrs. Hewes has a new sweetheart, "Ted."

13—Exams begin. First snow fall of the year, everyone thrilled.

14—Exams continue.

15—Double header basketball game with S. B. M.S.

16—Visitors on campus. Miss Moon and Miss Frazee attend League.

17—Second floor girls of Speed Hall serenade the Stevenson Hall boys.

18—Informal party in Speed Hall. Mrs. Hewes is a good entertainer.

19—Dr. Franklin lectures on Christmas attitude.

JANUARY

2—Small classes.

4—Birthday of the next oldest member in Senior class.

5—Three Speed Hall girls deprived of ice cream.

7—New French teacher here. Everyone anxious to see her.

8—Basketball game with Johnson Bible College. U. C. wins.

9—At Miss Weeks' instigation Josh spends the evening admiring Venus.

10—Rev. Thompson talks in chapel.

11—Margaret and Carrie take possession of the teachers' room.

12—Basketball game with Berea. Hottest game of the season.

15—Bob Peters elected yell leader.

16—Seniors financially embarrassed. Rings are here and no money to get them out.

17—We find Mrs. Thompson a delightful speaker.

18—One Senior declares the class a civil war in itself.

19—Senior class rings seen everywhere.

21—Open house. All Stevenson Hall inspects Speed Hall.

22—Dr. Franklin lectures two periods in chapel.

23—Tobacco all the rage in chapel.

Seniors give a novel literary program. B. F. was born to smoke a pipe.

24—Most popular member of dining room—Mr. "Zip."

25—Big basketball game with Cumberland.

28—Another game, U. C. vs. Maryville. Union is drunk with victory.

29—Basketball boys leave for week's trip.

30—Dr. Peters talks in chapel.

31—More beans for lunch. Two boys with black eye, not nature's gift either

FEBRUARY

1—A visitor in chapel—Mike Hawn's pup.

4—Revival begins. Big snow.

- 6—No Bible class.
- 7—Jetty and Bob almost get mad.
- 16—Mr. Vogel closes the revival.
- 19—Faculty take their seats in chapel on the platform again.
- 20—More basketball. Union vanquished St. Mary's.
- 21—Everyone clamoring for something to eat.
- 22—Washington's birthday, but no holiday.
- 28—Chapel is postponed to 1:00 o'clock. Bishop Anderson talks familiarly about Edison, Ford and Harding.

MARCH

- 2—Game with London boys.
- 3—Double header at S. B. M. S.
- 4—We all sympathize with Richard in the time of his greatest sorrow.
- 7—Williamsburg and Manchester girls arrive—Speed Hall very noisy.
- 8—Tournament ends.
- 10—Margaret Wilson and a certain young man are seen in a Pineville furniture store.
- 12—Everybody looking pale. Why? Exams are coming!
- 13—Speed Hall turns out to see Mary Pickford in "Pollyanna."
- 14—Odors of midnight oil are wafted over the campus. (Exams!)
- 15—Girls thrilled to death upon being allowed to see Rodolph Valentino in "The Conquering Power."
- 16—Epworth Leaguers go to Pineville to conduct services.
- 19—Beauty being snatched for the annual.
- 20—Coach Funk gives basketball letters in chapel.
- 21—Dr. Franklin on the platform again. First day of spring. Snow flying.
- 22—The staff is in earnest about the annual business.
Big swimming party. Boys are jealous of the girls.
- 24—Kappa Mu entertain C. G. S. in a royal banquet.
- 26—Last call for Stespean write-ups.
- 27—Staff makes a desperate effort to get Glee Club and baseball pictures.
- 29—More tobacco! Prof. Peavy tells us what it's good for.

APRIL

- 1—A new yet strangely familiar faculty occupies platform. April Fool!
- 2—Expression recital.
- 3—Dr. Franklin fools us. He doesn't say he's glad to see us again.
- 4—We thought we were not going to have any chapel announcements but Professors Humfleet and Peavy save the day.
- 5—Stespean's fever 104; the Staff sit up with it until wee sma' hours.
- 7—"Click click," sang the old typewriter all day, this and nothing more.
- 8—As the Staff is not selfish, it is ready to share the Stespean with the printer.

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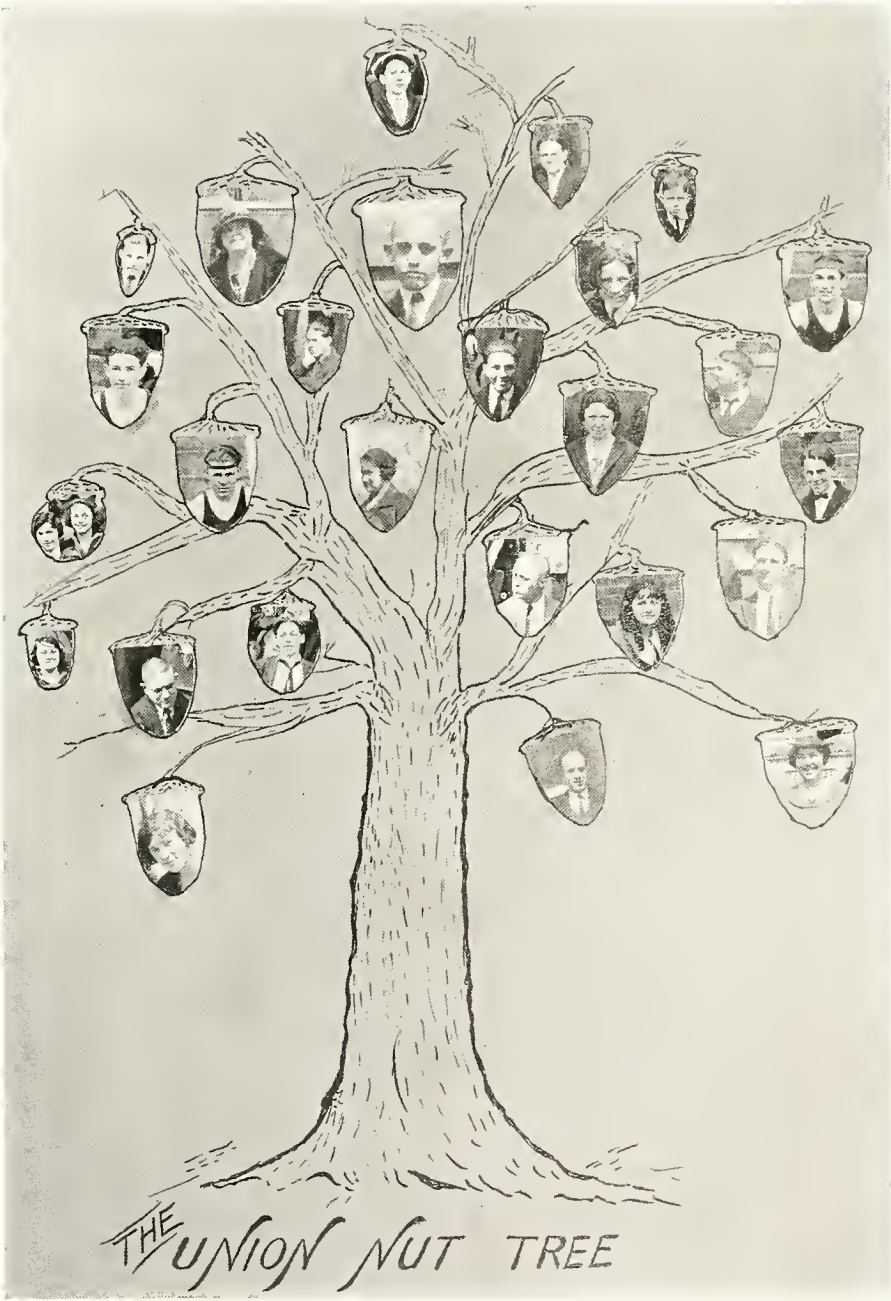
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UNION HUMOR

Perk, translating French: "He is going—"

Violet: "Wait a minute, Perk! What tense is that verb?"

Perk: "Imperfect."

Violet: "And how did you translate it?"

Perk: "Why-er, imperfectly."



Ancil, on the 29th day of February: "Miss Weeks, this is old maid's day. You'd better get busy."

Miss Weeks, quickly: "Oh! Do you want me to propose to you?"



Little Dorothy Hollar, eating an apple, came running up to her father. "Oh daddy! I've just had my picture made."

Prof. Hollar: "Did you have it taken with that apple?"

Dorothy: "No! With a kodak!"



Estill was gazing soulfully up at a Speed Hall window.

Carrie: "Estill, that's not Maggie J.'s room!"

Estill: "Humph! D'you think I don't know which one is hers!"



We were studying synonyms in Scribbler's Club one day.

Miss Weeks: "What's the difference between hug and embrace?"

Mayme: "Ahem! Embrace is longer than hug."

Miss Weeks: "Yes, hug has a spasmodic quality."



Dr. Franklin, reviewing his Missouri trip in chapel: "A group of young girls came in the train and sat down in front of me,—I certainly enjoyed myself."



Francis Edwards in Scribblers Club: "How do you like the ending of my theme?"

Dick Ballinger, brightly: "The main trouble with it is that it's too far from the beginning."



"I'll break your neck," hissed Betty to the pop bottle that she couldn't open."



Prof. Hollar: "Take this sentence: 'Take the cow out of the lot.' What mood?"

Rex Ward: "The cow."

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QUIPS AND QUIRKS

Odessa: "Ouida, what were you and Calvin doing standing out on the steps before you came on in the parlor?"

Ouida: "Now, just because you smell a rat you don't have to be catty."



Bob Blair had just run over a pig with his Ford. "Sir," he said to the farmer, "I will replace your animal."

Farmer: "Sir, you flatter yourself."



Cy: "Perk, you haven't any brains."

Perk: 'Haven't any brains? Why, man, I've got brains that never have been used."



It's a grate life—said the hot coal.



Heiro says he can't understand women—that they rub their shoes to put a shine on them and rub their noses to get a shine off.



A hair in the head is worth two in the brush.



"Now I've got you in my grip," exulted A. Delph as he shoved his tooth brush into his valise.



A FRESHMAN RAMBLE

Three Charleses purchased a Franklin car,
Painted Green one day;
Bnt such a misfortune befell these boys:
The car fell into a Bay.

A Haggard Smith then happened along,
Then Moore trouble did arise;
They must then Ward off this terrible man,
Ere the Cox awoke with their cries.

And so they worked Early,
No time did they lose;
For they really were sheriffs
Off to Tye up the Booze.

—Frank Davidson, '27.

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WOULD IT BE POSSIBLE

For Bob to stay away from Pineville for three days straight?
For Margaret to obey the jazz rule?
For Teaberry to slick his hair?
For Josh to eat without mustard?
For Jakie to keep Love out of his heart?
For Becky Sawyer to get married?
For Ruth Bowman to pinch any harder?
For Prof. Hollar to measure 6 ft. 6 in. in his stocking feet?
For Miss Weeks to chew gum?
For Perk to behave?
For Anna Mae to endure Chapel without a box of candy?
For Jettie to reduce?
For Study Hall Council not to meet every day at 12:20?
For Dan Woodward to disfigure his good looks to a greater extent?
For Violet to come to class without her "vanity?"
For the Seniors to keep quiet in Chapel?
For Beckham Garland to loose his dignity?

YOUR TOMORROW WILL BE THE PRODUCT OF WHAT YOU DO TODAY

* * *

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CAN YOU EXPLAIN WHY

Carolyn is wearing a diamond?

Ancil wants a Gardner?

Clyde likes red hair?

Margaret goes to Pineville every Sunday?

Fatty is afraid of the pool?

Jess Blanton goes to Pine St?

Miss Weeks dislikes jazz?

Some of our boys shaved their heads?

There have been so few dates this year?

Coach Funk hums "Ten Little Fingers and Ten Little Toes" so
much?

So many girls have shorn their lovely locks?

Prof. Hayes parted with his mustache?

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In other words it is better to be a booster than to have people shun you as a knocker.

Ours is a booster bank. We believe in boosting, in helping, in being accommodating, in being a help to community rather than a hindrance. Do you? Then let's get together; they say "Birds of a feather flock together." We would like to have all the good boosters as our customers and friends. Come in. Let's talk it over.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

BARBOURVILLE :- -:- -:- KENTUCKY

Capital and Surplus Paid in Full, \$110,000.00

He saw her walking down
The street
And gazing at her
Dark Beauty
He fell
Realizing as he
Fell
That if he had not been
Looking at her
Dark beauty
He would have seen
That Banana Peel.

(from) Jack O'Lantern.

✿ ✿ ✿

Prof. Violet: "This is the third time you've looked on B. F.'s paper."
Perk: "Yes'm, he doesn't write very plainly."

✿ ✿ ✿

Margaret Wilson: "Poor Fatty has had to give up wearing collars and cuffs."

Carolyn Stanfil: "Why"

Margaret: "The doctor said he must cut out starchy things."

IF IN NEED OF



TAXI—Call

C. A. HALE, Phone 139.



TAXI—Call

ALBERT DETHERAGE



LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE See

H. M. OLDFIELD,



INSURANCE—See

JOSH FAULKNER



JEWELRY AND WATCH REPAIRS, Go to

BOWMAN'S



MILLINERY and HEMSTITCHING, Go to

BEADIE MAIN'S



REAL SILK HOSE, Write

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Office: London, Ky., Phone 258; Hours: Tuesday, Thursday and
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HOW STRANGE THAT—

Lois has a Payne in her heart.

Betty wants to get Skinny.

Stanley Black wants Moore.

Pearl can be here while her Knuckles is in Detroit.

Sawyer Decker has come to realize that "civilized man can't live
without cooks."

The boys don't take their trunks to the gym as most of them live
there now.

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Our work speaks for itself

Shop behind Fair Store in
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PEBBLES

Tennis is sure a noisy game for it can't be played without a racquet.



A dollar bill is sweeter far than any rose beneath the sun,
A dollar has a hundred cents; the rose, but one.



Prof. Hayes: "What three words are used most among college students?"

Bob Blair: "I don't know."

Prof. Hayes: "Correct."



Prof. Peavy: "After you got out of the burning building did you call the fire department?"

Coach Funk: "Yes, everything I could think of."



Mrs. Hewes (announcing at girls' meeting in parlor): "This morning on making my inspection I found the third floor family toothbrush in the bath room. If it is not called for at once, I shall take it over to Mrs. Peavy to give to the poor."





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We are the worn and weary Staff
 We've done our Honest-Injun best.
 We hope you will enjoy our work
 As much as we'll enjoy our rest.

AUTOGRAPHS

Alfred Saunders ("Tuff")

AUTOGRAPHS





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